


All the Year Round



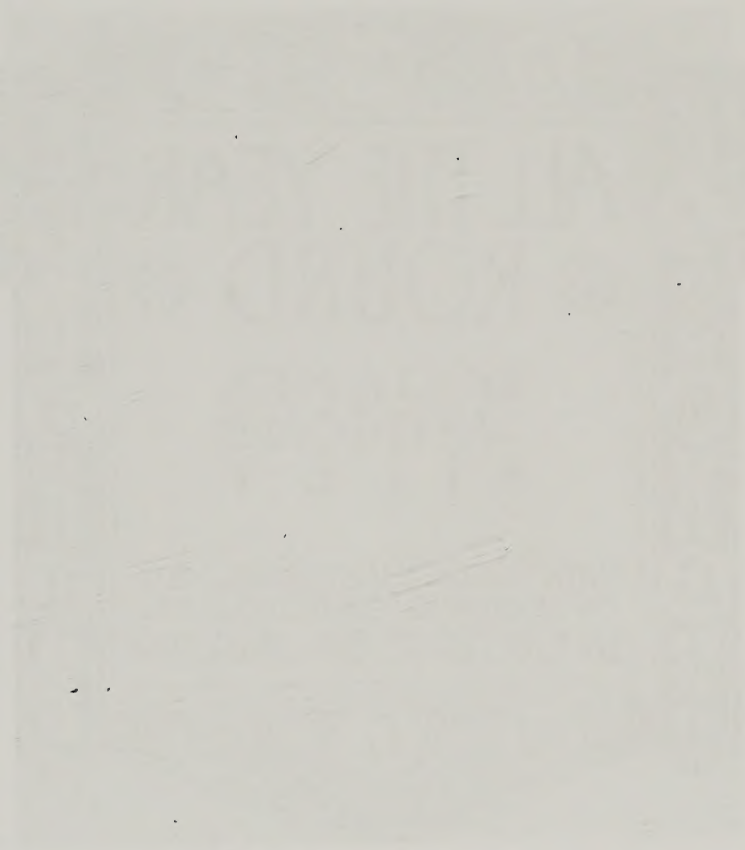
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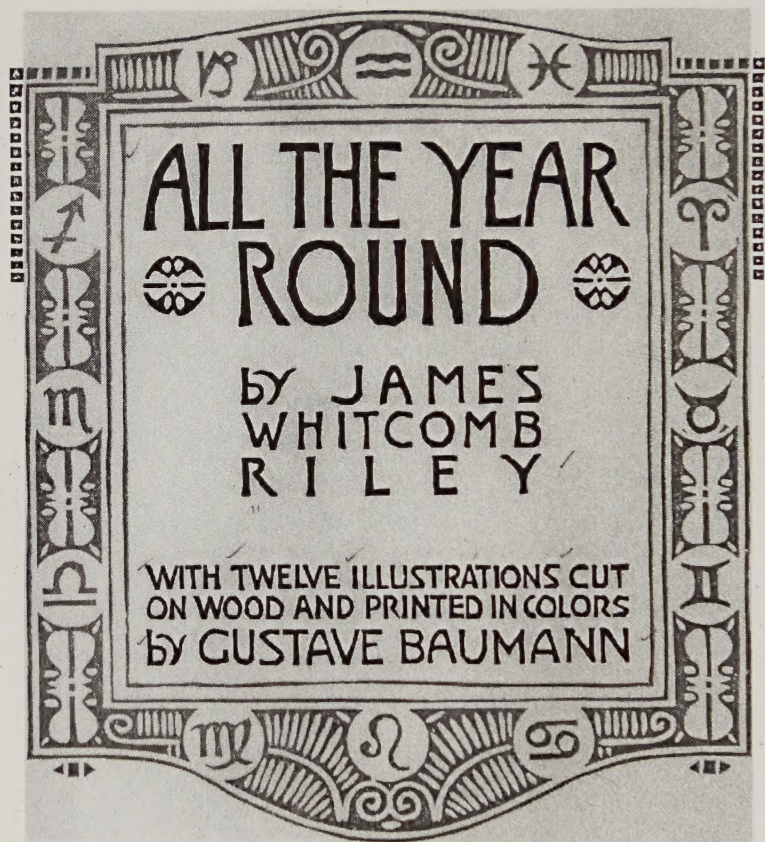
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All the Year Round





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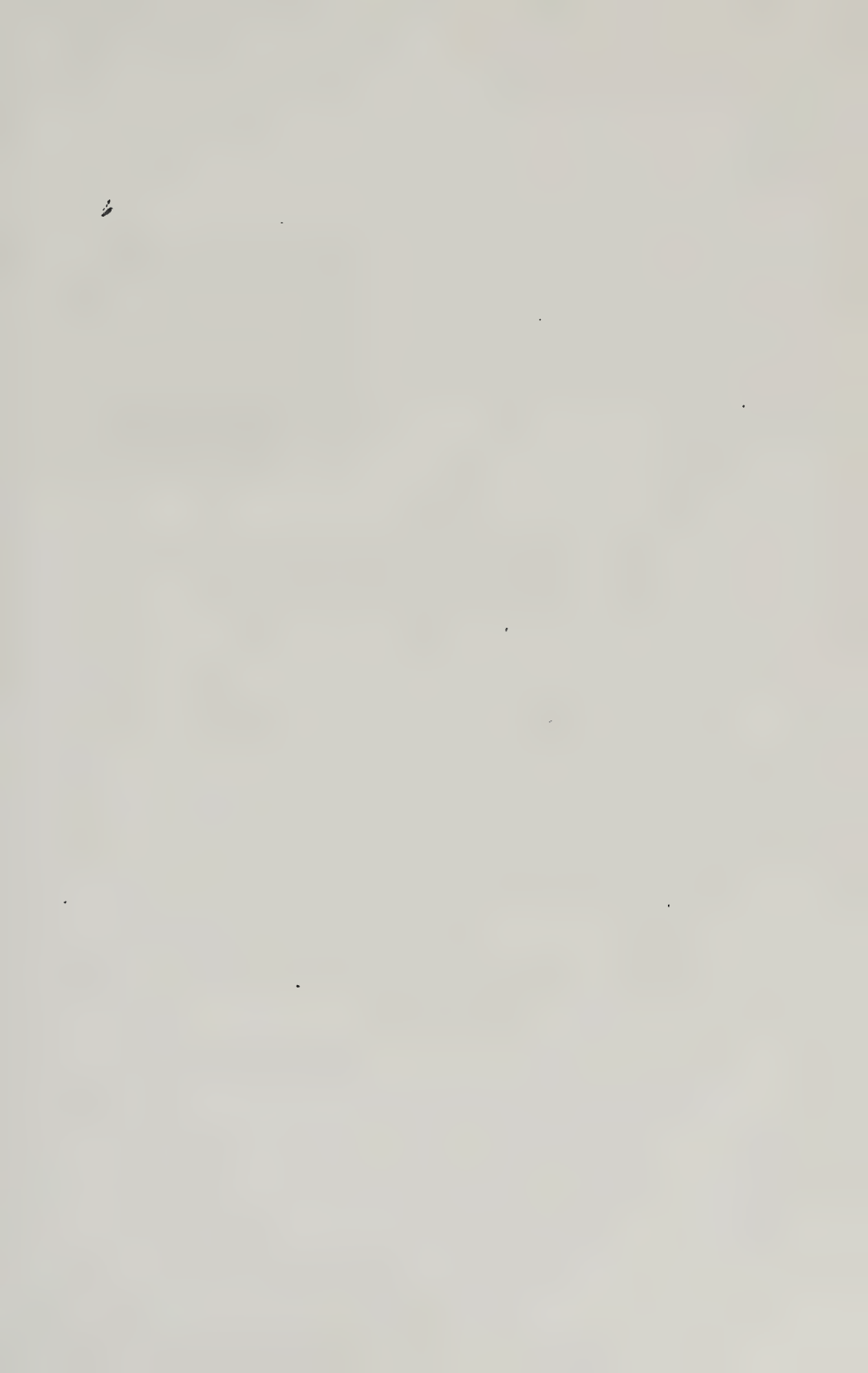
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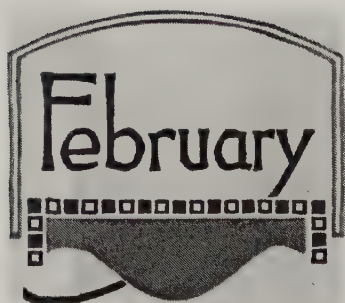


ALL THE YEAR ROUND



Bleak January! Cold as fate,
And ever colder-ever keener—
Our very hair cut while we wait
By winds that clip it ever cleaner:
Cold as a miser's buried gold,
Or nether-deeps of old tradition—
Seems January! you're a cold
Proposition!





You, February, - seem to be
Old January's understudy,
But play the part too vaudeville-y,-
With wind too moist and snow too muddy-
You overfreeze and overthaw-
Your "Hos'ler Jo"-like recitation
But hints that you're at best, a raw
Imitation.





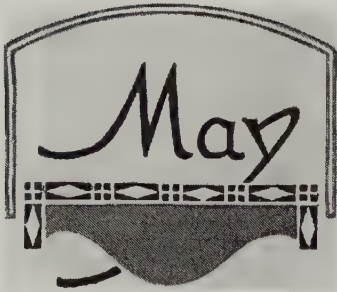
And, March, you've got no friends to spare—
Warm friends, I mean—unless coal-dealers,
Orgas-well owners, pipin' where
The piper's paid—above allspielers;
You are a month, too, of complex
Perversities beyond solution—
A sort o' "loveliest of your sex"
Institution!



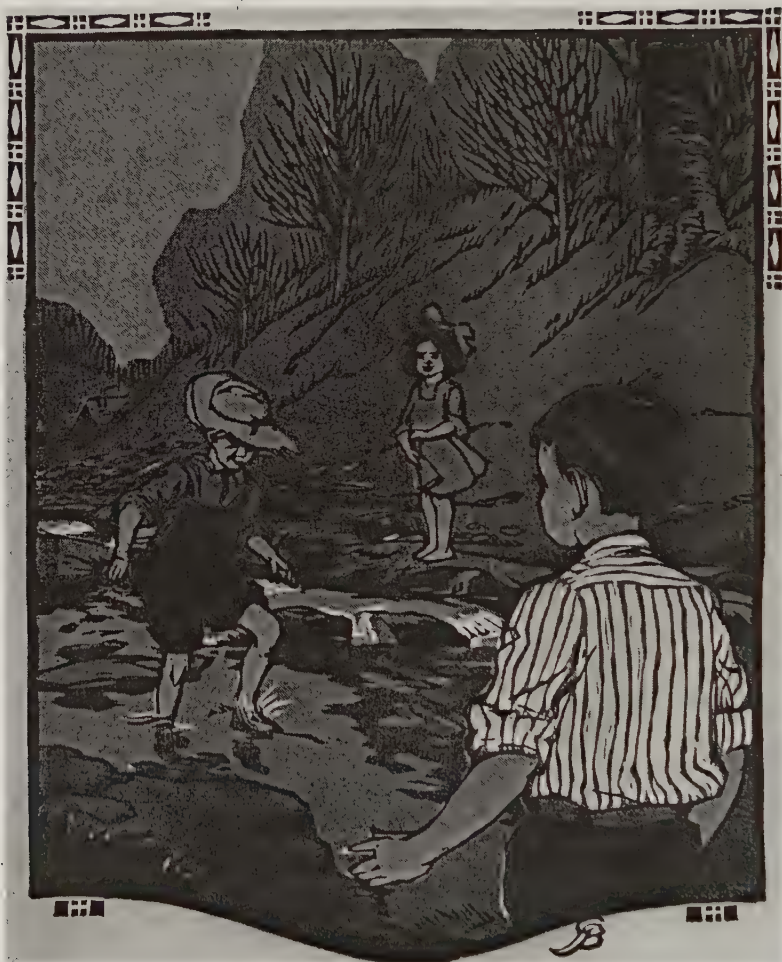


But, April when you kindo' come
A-sa'n'terin down along our roadway,
The bars is down, and we're at home,
And you're as welcome as a show-day!
First thing we know, the sunshine falls
Spring-like, and drenches all Creation
With that-ere barm the poets calls
"Inspiration."



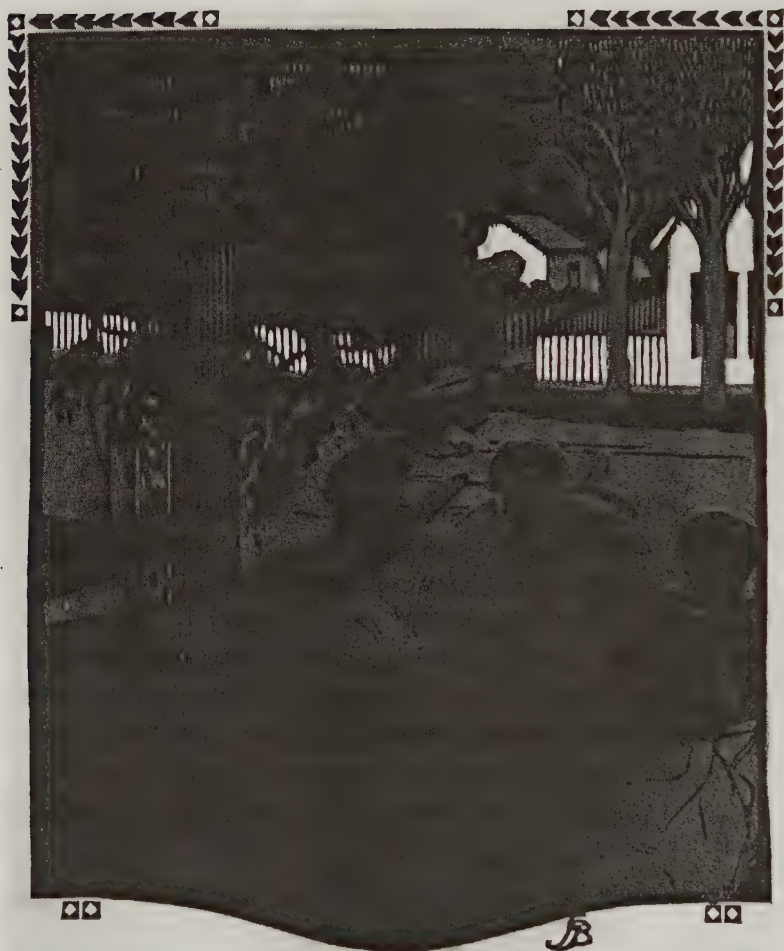


And May! - It's warmin' jest to see
The crick thawed clear ag'in and dancin'-
Pear-like it's tickled 'most as *me*
Aprancin' 'crosst it with my pants on!
And then to hear the bluebird whet
His old song up and lance it through you,
Clean through the boy's heart beatin' yet-
Hallylooya!



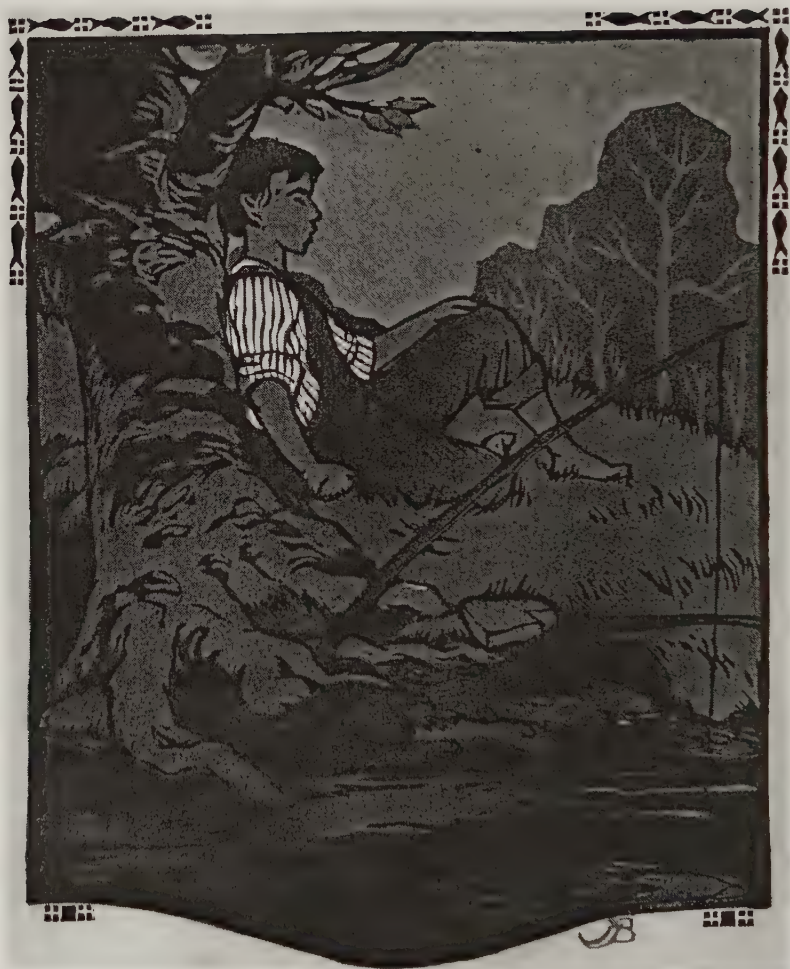


[J]une-'ll, I jest git *doped* on June!-
The trees and grass all at their greenest-
The round earth swung 'twixt sun and moon,
Jest at its - so to say - serenest:-
In country, - stars and whipperwills;
In town, - all night the boys invadin'
Leadin' citizens' winder-sills,
Sair-a-nadin'.



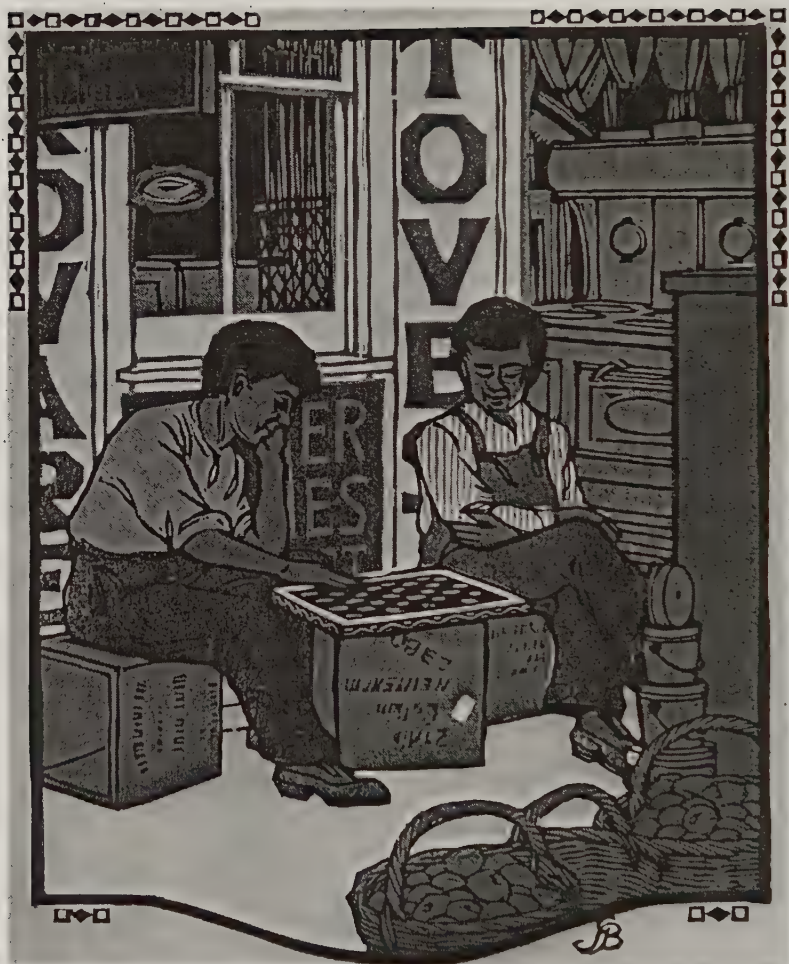


Fish still a-bitin'-some; but 'most
Too hot fer anything but layin'
Jest do-less like, and watchin' clost
The treetops and the squirrels playin'-
Their tail-tips switched 'bove knot and limb,
But keepin' most in sequestration -
Leavin' a big part to the im-
Magination.





Now when it's August - I can tell
It by a hunderd signs and over; -
They is a mixed ripe-apple-smell
And mashed-down grass and musty clover;
Bees is as lazy 'most as me -
Bee-bird eats 'em-gap's his wings out
So lazy 'at I don't think he
Spits their stings out!





September, you appeal to all,
Both young and old, lordly and lowly;
You stuff the hay-mow, trough and stall,
Till horse and cow's as roly-poly
As pigs is, slopped on buttermilk
And brand, shipstuff and 'later-peelin's-
And folks, too, feelin' fine as silk
With all their feelin's!





If I'd ben asked for my advice,
And thought the thing out, calm and sober,-
Sizin' the months all once or twice-
I'd lanch'd the year out with *October*...
All Nature then jest veiled and dressed
In weddin' gyarments, ornamented
With ripe-fruit-gems-and kissin' jest
New-invented !





I'm feared November's hopes is few
And far between! - Cold as a Monday-
Washday, er a lodge-man who
You' got to pallbear for on Sunday;
Colder and colder every day -
The fixed official time for sighin', -
A sinkin' state you jest can't stay
In, or *die* in!





December - why, of course we grin
And bear it - shiverin' every minute,
Yet warm from time the month rolls in
Till it skites out with Christmas in it;
And so, for all its coldest truths
And chill, goose-pimpled imperfections,
It wads our lank old socks with Youth's
Recollections.





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